don't want you to get it on (with nobody else but me)
by brawls (brawlite), ToAStranger

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Earlier, they had been at a party.

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Author's Note:

Story title from Miike Snow - Ghengis Khan

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Earlier, they had been at a party.

Some rich asshole friend of Steve's -- or Steve's dad or uncle or *something*, Billy doesn't really *care* -- had opened up their mansion to some DJ-ed event. Replaced every single damn light in their house with a black light, handed out *glow paints* like they were in college again, and had called it a *Glow Party*.

Funny thing is, drunk or high enough, people will get into anything. Even if it's stupid. Even if it's totally overdone.

Steve and Billy had shown up in white shirts and pants, as per the invite. Billy ditched his shirt two minutes in, in favor of some hot chick pressing palm prints to his torso. Steve -- hadn't been so keen.

"Lighten up, baby," Billy had said, pressing a drink into Steve's hand, smudged finger-drawn lines of paint already over both of their cheeks, their foreheads, glowing in the light directly above.

Everything had been *dark* -- but the people, the people around them? They were bright as hell, dancing, moving, twirling to the heavy thud of the bass reverberating throughout the house.

Steve had been the only constant. The only thing that was still, steady, *sure* in a place like this. Everyone moving, touching, like a trick of the light, right out of the corner of Billy's vision.

But Steve had been staring at his abdomen, at his bare skin, at the paint, for a long time before he finally downed the drink Billy placed

against his palm and went for another. Then, another.

Loosened up and flush with liquor, Steve had grinned at Billy, sharp like a shark and glowing in the blacklight, stripped his shirt over his head and shoved it at Billy's chest. Billy had tried to catch his wrist because *he knew* that look and that it only meant *trouble*, but Steve had given him the slip, already backing toward the dancing crowd.

"Lighten up, *baby*," Steve had thrown back at him, eyes daring Billy to chase him, and then he'd sank into the mess of people and the pound of the bass.

And chase Billy had.

Steve had always been one step ahead of him, grinding against some guy, letting some chick get her hands all over him. And hell, it wasn't like Billy wasn't getting attention *too*, but it was like Steve had *wanted* him to watch, to see, just how pretty Steve was rocking up against someone.

By the time Billy had finally *caught* Steve, he'd been at the bar, taking a shot off of some girl's *stomach*, licking salt off her skin, and eating a lime straight from her lips. He'd smiled at Billy with those sharp eyes and that sharp smile, tilted his head to show the smear of paint down the side of his throat, and helped the girl back to her feet.

"Hey, *baby*," Steve said, pressing himself to Billy's chest so that Billy could feel the heat of him, radiating like a damn furnace, tequila and lime still on his breath. "Having *fun*?"

"Not as much fun as *you*," Billy had said, though he wasn't *mad*, just -- something. Not even *jealous.* Just hungry. *Starving.*

"You want a shot?" the girl asked Billy, seemingly unperturbed by the fact that the two of them seemed *close.*

Hell, she might've even be *into* it.

"What's your name, doll?" Billy grinned, fingers tight on Steve's painted hip.

"Elizabeth," she'd called back, already pulling herself up onto the

bartop again, grin wide and eyes darting between them. “But my friends call me Liz. Isn’t that right, Stevie?”

Steve’s eyes hadn’t left Billy’s face. “That’s right. And we’re all friends here, aren’t we, baby?”

“Yeah, I'll take that shot,” Billy had said, eyes hot on Steve, too.

Billy hadn't known what game Steve had been playing -- still *doesn't,* not yet -- but he had been happy to play along.

Even when Steve had coaxed the both of them back out onto the dancefloor. Even when Steve had pressed that girl's body between theirs. Even when he'd pressed his mouth to hers, hand fisted in her blonde curls, eyes not leaving Billy's as he'd tilted her head back and kissed down her throat.

But all night, even with all the looks and all the touching, Steve had always kept *something* or *someone* between them.

He'd even tried to distract Billy with a game in the Uber back to their apartment. Still *not touching* until they crashed through the door.

“Your turn,” Billy says.

Steve ruts against him, bares his teeth in a grin, moans *loud.* Billy's grip tightens.

“When I say stop, I don't ever want you to stop,” Steve says. “I keep thinking about that blonde, Elizabeth, and what it would be like to bend her over our kitchen counter and make her *scream*. And before I had you, no one had ever fucked me before.”

And Billy groans, because he doesn't *like* the idea of Steve plowing someone in their *kitchen,* because he *knows* Steve was into her, brain caught up and gears catching.

“God, why are you trying to *kill me* tonight?” Billy asks, getting a fist in Steve's hair and *pulling.*

Steve hisses, throat working, bared like he's *begging* for trouble. “Maybe I've got an *itch* I'm not sure you can *scratch*, tonight.”

And Billy's not sure *what* he's supposed to do with that.

“And *what*, you think *Lizzie* was gonna help you out, baby?”

“You think *you* can?” Steve asks, dubious and *mocking*.

Billy grits his teeth a bit, shoving Steve a little harder against the door. “Pretty sure I know you better than some slut at a party.”

And *maybe* that's not totally fair to Liz, but also *maybe* Billy's got some jealousy issues he's gotta work out. *Whatever*. It's not like Billy's a *saint*.

Steve laughs, breathless and dark eyed, shoving him *back*. “You sure about that? You think you know what gets me off? You've barely even scratched the *surface*, baby.”

And okay, maybe that *hurts* a little, maybe it makes Billy's gut clench in a way he *hates*, but he knows Steve isn't necessarily trying to make him *angry*. Even if he's well on his way.

So Billy pushes him *back*, shouldering him back up against the door while he tries to *think*, tries to ignore the idea that he's not *good enough*.

“What, the corn fed boy from Indiana’s got some dirty fucking secrets? You think that makes you *special*? Jesus, you're being such a *brat* today.”

Steve grunts, teeth bared, but he doesn't shove Billy off the way he could-- the way he has-- the way he *should*. Instead, his hands are tentative at his hips-- *gentle* and out of sight, like it's not part of what's *going on*-- thumbs dragging back and forth over the jut of bone there.

Soothing.

“I think you'd be surprised,” Steve says, quiet and unyielding, chin tilting up like a challenge. “You think you can give me what I need?”

Billy feels a little tugged in two directions. But he's not one to back down from a challenge. Especially not from *King Steve*.

“You *know* I can give you what you need.” Stubborn. Unwavering.

But the thing is -- Billy isn't so *sure* about that. It's hard to give Steve what he needs when he doesn't know what that *is*.

Steve's eyes dart over Billy's face, and something *softens* there. Steve reels him in, kisses him hard, and says *I know you can* against his mouth, barely audible, hardly there. Kisses him long and deep, all teeth and tongue. Whispers *you always give me what I need* against his lips.

And then he pulls back, head *thunking* against the door, giving a sharp pull at Billy's belt loops. “So give it to me, then.”

Billy still -- doesn't know. But that doesn't *stop* him. He surges forward, kissing Steve hard, shoving him against the door. Because being a little rough seems to almost *always* turn Steve on. It's usually a safe bet.

Steve groans, fingers tangling into Billy's hair, hand going for his crotch and *squeezing*. Grinning against his mouth when it earns a guttural sound.

“If you wanted me so bad,” Billy says, gasping against Steve's lips, not even kissing him now, just *licking*. “All you had to do was *ask*, baby. Didn't have to put on a show *all goddamn night*.”

Billy leans in, *grinding* his thigh against Steve's crotch. A little hard, a little mean.

Steve's head lulls back and over, mouth falling open to suck in breath after breath, jaw flexing as he bites back a groan. “Did it drive you *crazy*? Seeing everyone all over me? Seeing me touching everyone but *you*?”

Something *clicks*. Because Steve was doing it all *for him*. To get *his* attention. To get *him* riled up, peaked, *jealous*. To *push him*.

“*Jesus*,” Billy says. “You really *are* being a brat today.”

He leans in and goes for Steve's throat, teeth against flesh, biting down. Steve's breath slides between the edges of his grin, half wild

and half grimace. He spasms, *seizes up*, and his hands go to Billy's back, fingers digging *in* as his hips stutter forward.

“Coulda-- coulda gone home with *anyone*,” Steve says, and Billy *knows* he's talking about *himself*, being dragged off with anyone *but* Billy-- knows he's still *pushing*. “Coulda had anyone I *wanted*. All I would've had to do was get on my knees and *ask*--”

And Billy shudders at the thought of Steve going home with someone else, the possibility of it.

“You're *mine*,” Billy says, because he means it and because it's what he knows Steve wants to hear right now. That he wants to be claimed. “No one else's.”

Billy shoves Steve back again, just because he can, just for the roughness of it.

“Say it,” Billy says.

Steve gasps, flush and pupils blown wide, mouth open as he pants like he's *ravenous*. “*Make* me.”

And *oh*, Billy thinks. That’s fucking *it* right there.

“Yeah? I think I’m gonna *have to*,” Billy says.

And with that, he’s picking Steve up, getting him around the legs and then pressing him *back* against the door.

“You’re being so *bad*, baby,” Billy tells him.

Steve shudders, shifting against him, *rubbing* against him, and he gets his hand in Billy's hair and *pulls*. “What are you gonna do about it?”

Billy pauses for a moment, taking his time just kissing Steve because he *can*, because Steve’s giving him the power here, making Billy *take it*.

“I think,” Billy says carefully, pulling back to nip at Steve’s lower lip. “That if you’re gonna *act* like a brat, I should treat you like one.”

Steve pauses. His fingers soothe over Billy's scalp for a second and he pecks the corner of his mouth with a chaste, simple kiss.

“Red means *stop*,” he says next, hushed and hot against his cheek, thighs squeezing at his waist. “Understand?”

Billy nods. “I understand. Promise you’ll tell me?”

Steve's smile is dopey and genuine. “As if you could ever keep me from bitching about something I don't like.”

And Billy feels like he *could* jump right back into it, if he wanted to, *could* just pick it up right where they left it off, but he can’t help but kiss Steve for just a second, pulling back to ask, “Spanking you, is that -- fine?”

Steve lets out a little sound from the back of his throat, cranes down and kisses him slow. “Yes. You can spank me, *choke* me, *whatever* you want.”

Billy shivers, nerves tingling and buzzing all the way down his spine.

“Wanna spank you. Wanna,” Billy bites at Steve’s jaw, teeth grazing skin, “put you over my fuckin’ lap and slap your ass until you’re begging for me to stop. Until you’re *good*.”

Steve moans, soft and breathless, legs tightening up around him, shifting against him, restless and wanting. “Do it. *Make me* be *good* for you, Billy.”

“*Someone’s* gotta make you be good, baby,” Billy says.

And with that, he’s strengthening his grip on Steve and then walking toward Steve’s room, Steve in his arms, Steve’s legs wrapped around his hips. They don’t *normally* go to Steve’s room, not if Billy’s got any choice in the matter, but he wants it to be good, wants Steve to feel *comfortable*. So.

But he doesn’t put Steve down on the bed. Just deposits him by the door and leaves him there. Makes himself real comfortable up against Steve’s headboard and then gives Steve an expectant look.

“What are you waiting for, pretty boy? Take off your clothes and come here.”

Steve holds his gaze, doesn't hesitate, and strips his shirt over his head. He's still got paint smeared everywhere, but it's lost its glow. He toes out of his shoes and socks, standing there in the doorway, and when he gets to his pants, he pulls them down *slow*.

When he straightens back out, Billy understands *why*.

He's got *panties* on. Lace and silk, hugging his hips, a pretty, pale pink that contrasts *beautifully* with his skin.

Billy curses, low and pleased.

“Fuck, baby,” Billy says, because he looks *so good*. “Gimme a little spin, huh?”

Steve does. Rotates around with little fuss, smile small and face flush.

“So goddamn pretty,” Billy says and then gives his lap a pat. “C’mere.”

Carefully, *cautiously*, Steve crawls onto the bed with him. Moves to press a kiss to his cheek, his mouth. Doesn't quite lay himself out over his lap, yet.

Billy can’t *help* but look. The panties are tight and Steve’s cock is straining at the front of them, bulging that pretty pink silk. Billy can’t help but touch, too, reaching out to pull the gentlest of touches over the fabric. Admiring. Appreciating.

“You *always* have my attention, baby,” Billy says. “But since you asked so *nicely*…”

Steve lets out a short breath, pressing forward into Billy's touch, cock hot under that delicate material. Eager and wanting.

But then Steve wets his lips and dips down, licking along Billy's jaw. “Thought you were gonna make me *yours*, Billy.”

And yeah, *jesus*. Steve really *does* want it. It sends a rush of heat to

Billy's gut, twisting in the most delicious way.

"You *are* mine," Billy says, getting his hands on Steve's hips, gentle -- for right now, anyway. "I'm just gonna *remind* you."

Before Steve can even say anything, Billy *tugs*, manhandling Steve until he's pressing his torso down against the sheets, hauling Steve's legs -- and his *ass* -- over Billy's lap.

Steve goes down with a grunt, squirming as Billy tugs and pulls him right where he *wants* him. He huffs out a curse when Billy's fingers tighten at his hip, and curls his hands into his sheets.

"Isn't that better?" Billy asks, shoving a little so Steve's chest is flush with the mattress. Getting him around the neck with sure fingers, just to feel Steve *still* underneath his touch. Billy palms his ass with his free hand, shivering at the slide of silk against his skin. "You're all mine, baby. Even if you spent *all night* pretending you weren't."

Steve's whine is muffled against the sheets. He's tight, all over, like he's *waiting for it*, laying still and breathing slow as Billy traces an edge of lace over the curve of his ass.

"I'm gonna take care of you," Billy says, voice low. He grabs the meat of Steve's ass in his palm, squeezing. "But I'm also gonna remind you that you're all mine. You gonna be good for me, baby? Or am I gonna have to *make* you be good?"

Steve lets out a shaky breath. "Make me."

"Okay," Billy says.

Billy lets go of Steve's ass, steadies one palm on Steve's lower back, and raises his other hand. He doesn't say *ready*, doesn't say *set* -- just brings his hand down, palm flat, against Steve's ass in a sharp smack that rings through the silence of the room.

Steve *yelps.* Jolts in his lap like the sound is startled out of him, and it probably is. Probably didn't expect Billy to actually *do it.*

But then-- then he slumps. Goes *easy*. Curls and uncurls his fingers in the sheets and gives a little nod.

“You’re mine,” Billy says, after Steve’s nod.

He smooths his hand over Steve’s asscheek, feeling the heat already rising to the surface. Then, after a moment, he raises it again and then brings it down on the other cheek. Not too hard, but enough to slap, to smart, to hurt in the best way.

Steve's head bows down and he rocks with it, gasping against the bed.

“Are you mine?” Billy asks, hand against Steve's ass. Smoothing over the skin. Gentle.

Steve *whimpers*, soft and sweet, shuddering. His skin is warm under Billy's touch; hot where he struck.

“No,” he says, but it sounds like a lie; like he wants to say *yes*.

Billy thinks of Steve going home with Liz -- or with *anyone else* -- tonight. His gut twists, but he pushes it aside. He doesn't *want* to be jealous. He just wants to enjoy. To have a clear head. And, in the end, Steve came home with *him*.

And it sure as hell *does* sound like Steve wants to say *yes* -- which means he just wants *more*.

So, Billy gives it to him. He shifts his legs a bit so Steve’s ass is even *more* in the air, in those pretty little panties of his, and then spanks him again. Hard.

“You know what?” Billy says. “I think it's not *quite* the same with the panties on, is it? I think they make it *easier* for you.”

And so, Billy starts working them down Steve's ass, taking his sweet damn time about it. Steve groans, low from his chest. He squirms, wiggles in his lap as Billy peels the panties down to his thighs. Hisses as he spreads his hand over his pinkened skin.

“Billy,” Steve breathes, hips lurching forward, almost against his will.

“Yeah?” Billy asks. “Talk to me, baby.”

He can *feel* how hard Steve is, pressed against his leg. It's immensely satisfying, but a little terrifying, too. He *has* Steve like this, and he wants it to be perfect for him. Wants to give Steve what he *needs*.

Steve moans, a high and needy thing, turning his cheek to the sheets. He ruts, unabashed and unashamed, against him. Fierce and fired and beautiful, even in this submission.

“Thought you were gonna *make me*, Billy.” He says again, goading him at the same time he's reassuring him.

This is okay, is what he means. *This is what I want*, is what he's not saying. *Keep going*.

And so Billy slaps him again. And again, with a few beats in between, long enough for the pain of each slap to bloom against Steve's skin.

“You were being *such* a brat tonight,” Billy reminds him. “Teasing me. Trying to get my attention. Trying to make me *jealous.”*

Steve's voice breaks as Billy lands another strike. He jerks against him, tugging at the sheets, a cry catching in his mouth as he muffles it against the bed.

He's *gorgeous*. Skin pale, smears of paint where everyone else *touched him*. Thighs trembling, panties bunched around his knees, ass in the air, cheeks pink from Billy's hand. *Debauched* and *beautiful*.

Billy wants to eat him up.

He spanks Steve again, hand landing and staying on his ass, gripping that red skin a little rough, feeling the heat blooming over angry red spots.

“You only had to *ask*, baby. But maybe you wanted to act out, huh? Wanted me to *make* you mine?” He swats Steve again, watches the way he *squirms. “*Is that right?”

“*Yes*,” Steve gasps out, voice rough and cracking down the middle, hips rocking in lazy, rutting motions against Billy's thighs, head hanging between his shoulders as his spine curves. “Yes.”

Billy presses a hand down hard on Steve's ass, encouraging his hips down as he rocks against Billy's thighs. And it's *hot* the way Billy can feel his need, the way he has front row seats to watching Steve squirm and break apart like this.

"You *are* mine," Billy says, and he *means* it. Even if it's just for tonight. Just for this moment. "Not gonna let you forget it."

And it's gonna be *hard as hell* for Steve to forget for at least a week, every time he sits.

Steve *keens*, hips stuttering into a dirtier, more desperate grind. The muscles in his shoulders bunch up as he rocks, as he *ruts*, like he's blind to everything else. Consumed by a hazy, hot *need*.

He *sobs* when Billy lands another blow, jolting again, like that first time. "*Stop*. Billy--"

For a second, Billy falters. He thinks of Steve's *two truths and a lie*. Thinks that's the only one he was sure about: *when I say stop, I don't ever want you to stop*. And Billy can *do* that. Because Steve already *told* him *red* means *stop*.

So, he smacks Steve again, hand landing *right* where he just spanked Steve, gripping instantly at sore skin. And maybe, *maybe,* holds his breath a bit.

Steve *writhes*, gasping and hiccuping against the sheets, hands fisted in them. He lets out a little, wet moan, thighs straining, and he bucks against Billy's lap.

"*Billy*," he says, between heavy breaths. "I can't-- I'm gonna--"

And *fuck* if that's not the *hottest goddamn thing* Billy's ever heard. It sends a surge of pleasure to his gut, heart going hot.

"You *can* baby, it's okay. You're being so good. Tell me you're mine, huh?"

Billy palms over him again, just *touching*, occasionally pressing down as Steve's hips roll against his legs.

Then, for good measure, Billy brings his hand down one more time, hard and perfect, right against hot flesh, sharp sound ringing in the air.

Steve seizes up over his thighs. Strains *beautifully*, crying out against the bedding as the lines of his body wind tight, toes curling, spine arching. His hips stutter, and Billy can feel him spill out, can feel the heat of it as Steve sobs and rocks through it, shivering and shuddering almost *violently*.

"*Billy*," he whines, from the back of his throat, from his chest, turning his face so he can pant in cool breaths, mouth bitten red and eyes wet.

And Billy can't just *leave* him there. Before he even realizes it, he's hauling Steve up and into his arms.

"Hey, *hey,* baby," and Billy's *cooing*, with absolutely no control over how soft his voice goes, how affectionate he sounds, chest feeling like it's all torn open. "You're so good, huh? All mine, right?"

Hands, in Steve's hair. Lips, pressing to Steve's wet cheeks, his sweaty forehead. Hands, *everywhere.*

Steve nods, hapless and quick, pressing in close; *clinging*. He curls into Billy's hold, throat working over and over, like he's trying to form words and *can't,* too busy breathing, moaning, whining. His eyes flutter shut as Billy peppers kisses to his face.

"Yours," he breathes. "I'm yours."

Billy doesn't even know what to *do* with Steve like this. He's so vulnerable, so beautiful.

"Yeah," Billy says. "All mine," and yeah, okay, maybe he feels a *little* like choking, but it's true right now, and that's all that matters. "You're so good baby, you were so *good* for me."

Steve nods again, sniffling a little, tucking his cheek to Billy's as he curls in *closer*. "Just for you. *Only* for you."

And Billy knows that's not totally true, but it feels like enough.

He wrestles Steve closer, holds him tighter. Just piles Steve into his lap and *holds* him, breathing with him, kissing and touching endlessly, like he's just gotta make sure this is *real* and not some elaborate dream.

What's better is Steve *lets him*. Sits there, tucked into his arms, without complaint. Breathes with him until he's steadied back out, head resting against Billy's shoulder, nose pressed to Billy's throat. Just breathing. Settling back into his bones.

Then, softly, Steve tugs at Billy's shirt.

"Tell me I'm yours," he says, asks, *begs* in a hushed way that Billy doesn't think anyone else would ever recognize.

"You're mine," Billy says, instantly. Like he means it -- because he does. All the weight of his conviction in his voice, in the way he pulls his hands over Steve's back and presses a kiss to his head.

Steve sighs and goes *easy* against him. Pliant and soft.

Like that's *exactly* what he needed.

"Yours," he says, a little dreamy, and then he kisses at Billy's pulse. "And you're mine."

"Course I am," Billy says, lips at Steve's scalp. "As if that was ever even a question." He laughs, lightly, ruffling Steve's hair with his breath.

And *jesus* Billy's dug himself quite a hole, here. But he doesn't even *care*. Just knows that he gets Steve right now and that's *fine*. Because this moment? It's perfect.

Steve's lips stay stay at his throat. Parting and giving way to the heat of his tongue. *Wet* and *searing* as he laps over the sweat on Billy's skin.

"Wanna make you feel good," Steve breathes.

"*Baby*," Billy says, feeling torn. And yeah, he's hard, but Steve was just through a lot. "You don't gotta. You *always* make me feel good. I

don't need anything. Just you."

He tightens his arms around Steve, like he's trying to prove a point.

Steve huffs. "I *want* to. Want you."

"Okay," Billy says, relenting.

He presses a kiss to Steve's forehead, his cheek, and then, when Steve uncurls himself a bit, to his lips.

"Can you get onto your hands and knees for me, baby?" Billy asks.

Steve nods, turning over for him, sliding up onto his hands and knees. He keeps them spread, locks his elbows, practically *presents* himself.

"So good," Billy says, running his hands all over Steve's skin, especially gentle over his ass.

He undoes the button, the zipper, of his pants. Shoves them down just enough. He grabs the lube from Steve's bedside table and slicks himself up, real generous with it, groaning as he touches himself. Then, he gets his hands on Steve's hips, lets them slide down a little to his thighs.

"Put your legs together for me, pretty boy."

Steve moans, knows exactly what Billy's doing, and pulls his knees together. Crosses his legs at the ankles, thighs pressed together.

Billy steadies himself against Steve's ass, one hand on his cock, and then presses in, slotting his cock between Steve's thighs.

"Fuck, baby," Billy groans.

Steve *squeezes* his legs together tighter. Moans as Billy slides between his legs.

It's different than fucking Steve, but it's still so good, so slick and wet and close. It's easy to fall into the rhythm of it, savoring it at first, then picking up the pace to go *quicker, faster.*

Billy chokes back a moan, fingers tight against Steve's hips.

They haven't done this in a while. Not since they started fucking, really. But there's something appealing about the mess of it, the sheer desperation to get off.

Steve rocks with him. Moves like Billy's fucking him. Moans like it, too.

He presses his legs tighter, the slick slide of it obscene in a depraved and needy way. His elbows give out and he falls forward against the sheets, gasping and panting.

“Give it to me,” Steve says, arching. “Come on, Billy, *please*.”

And so Billy does, taking his pleasure at a brutal pace. *Knowing* Steve's got this thing about being used, about Billy using him.

Billy gasps, fingers digging, digging in. “*Baby*,” he warns, so close. So *goddamn* close. And then the words just tumble out of him: “Say you're mine. Please, *fuck*, Steve -- say you're mine, tell me, *please*.”

“*Yours*,” Steve says, moaning low, moaning soft, a hand reaching back to grab at Billy's hand on his hip. “*I'm yours, Billy.”*

Billy comes the second Steve reaffirms it, pleasure coursing through him like lightning in his veins. He shudders, shakes, *moans*, coming all over Steve's thighs and he sheets below him.

“Fuck,” he hisses, collapsing forward, still fucking *clothed,* dick out, but arms around Steve's sweaty body. “*Fuck*.”

Steve takes his weight with a groan. Shuffles and tucks himself under Billy's body. Grabs his wrists and pulls his arms around him.

“So good, Billy.” Steve mumbles. “*Always* so good. Always give me what I need.”

“Yeah?” Billy asks, a bit of the uncertainty from before creeping in, even around the haze of pleasure in his muscles. “Didn't seem too sure about that earlier.”

Steve pulls him tighter. “Didn't mean it. Just wanted you mad. You're perfect. Didn't mean it, baby.”

And yeah, okay, maybe Billy beams a little at that, burying his face in Steve's neck, arms tight around Steve, pressing him down and into the sheets.

“Thank you,” he says, because he means it. “Thank you for letting me -- for sharing that with me. For letting me see you like that.”

Steve hums. “Thanks for letting me show you.”

“Course, baby,” Billy says, lips at Steve's pulse. Pressing a long kiss there.

And yeah, *whatever*, Billy thinks, about the fact that they don't normally kiss afterward. It doesn't fucking *apply* now, he figures. Not after what they just did.

“You okay?” Billy asks. “Did I hurt you?”

Steve shakes his head. “Not anymore than I wanted.”

Billy hums. “Okay. And you would've told me, right?”

Sighing, Steve twists around under him, until he's facing him. “I wanted it just like that, Billy. You gave me *exactly* what I needed.”

It's not *quite* a *yes*, but Billy’ll take it. He trusts Steve.

“I'm glad you trusted me.” And then Billy smiles, fucked out, lazy. “And I'm glad you didn't bring *Lizzie* home with you.”

Steve's nose wrinkles up, and he tucks his face to Billy's neck. “I didn't *want* to bring Liz home. I wanted to come home with you.”

“Baby,” Billy says. “You *said* you wanted to bring her home. Fuck her over the counter, right?”

Or something like that, anyway. It would've been hot, if Billy hadn't felt the spark of jealousy there.

“Two truths and a lie,” Steve says. “That was the lie.”

Billy narrows his eyes.

“No,” he says, carefully, slowly. “I wasn't your first time. You would have *told me*.”

Wouldn't he?

Steve goes a little still. Pulls back, cheeks and ears a little pink, opens his mouth and closes it again.

“I--" Steve falters. “You weren't my first *time*. I've had sex, obviously. But-- I hadn't ever-- not like *that*. Not before you.”

And Billy can't help but feel a little sick at that. A little uneasy. He swallows the lump in his throat and props himself up on his arm.

“You *know* what I mean. Why didn't you *tell* me?”

Steve shifts, lips pressing thin, gaze dropping. Embarrassed. *Ashamed*.

“Um.”

“I wouldn't have *cared*.”

He just would've been more careful. Would've tried to make it better. More memorable, or whatever.

He thought Steve *trusted* him.

“I… didn't want you to make a big deal of it. I was embarrassed already, I didn't want you treating me like glass.” Steve says, sighing. “I just… *wanted* you. I didn't *lie*, I just didn't… mention it.”

Billy swallows past his hurt, because it’s not *helpful* right now. It’s *exhausting* and debilitating, and absolutely unnecessary. He can push it back for later, for when he’s alone with his thoughts in the shower, away from Steve, away from this conversation.

“I wouldn’t have,” Billy says, trying for calm. But he’s not -- well, Billy’s not *the best* at that. “I just -- jesus, Steve. Fine. Whatever. It’s

fine. It's nothing."

Like it *should* be.

Billy didn't botch the whole thing for Steve, so it shouldn't be important *at all.*

"Billy, I'm-- I'm *not* sorry. About any of it." Steve says. "Because it *wasn't* nothing. It was *perfect.*"

"Okay," Billy says, because that's *good*. That's *preferable*. But -- it doesn't really quell the part of him that's concerned that Steve doesn't trust him.

The part of him that's *screaming* about how he even got into this situation to begin with. Because if they had been *dating* they probably would've talked about it. Billy probably would've *known*. But they're not. So.

"Okay," Billy says, again, taking a deep breath. In, then out. And then, another. "Alright."

"I didn't-- I didn't think it would matter so much," Steve admits softly, hands coming up to frame his face. "I should've told you. But-- but I'm so *happy* it was you. I didn't-- I didn't want anyone else. Not for that. Not for *any* of this. I wouldn't have… I don't *trust* anyone the way I trust you."

It *does* matter, but it *shouldn't.*

Regardless, Steve's words ease the rawness in Billy's chest, the ache that he's doing his best to ignore.

"It doesn't matter," Billy says. "It's -- I'm glad you trust me. I'm glad it was alright for you."

He doesn't know what it *means* that Steve wanted Billy to be his first guy. But he'll take it. He'll grab onto it with both hands and refuse to let go.

Steve hesitates, thumbs dragging back and forth over his cheeks. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you."

“Don’t be,” Billy says, leaning into the press of Steve’s touch. “Don’t be sorry. You shouldn’t be. I promise.”

“Can we--" Steve wets his lips. “Can we clean up and-- can I stay with you tonight?”

“I don’t think you can get *rid* of me tonight,” Billy says. “You want me to stay in here with you? Or are you conceding that my bed is *way* comfier than yours?”

Steve huffs out a laugh. “Yours is only better because it doesn't have *jizz* all over it.”

“I mean, *true*. But it’s definitely better. Your bed’s way too hard.” He leans against Steve’s hand again, until Steve’s cupping his cheek. “Ready to go take a shower?”

Steve nods. “Please.”

The shower is small and cramped, but they’ve gotten used to it. Billy would still prefer something a little bigger, would *kill* to have some time in a hotel shower with Steve, but he’ll take it, if it means getting to be in such a warm, comfortable space with Steve. There’s something *vulnerable* about showering that Billy loves, like he’s sharing something deeply intimate with Steve, something that he’s usually just alone for.

He washes Steve’s hair because he can, because he likes getting his fingers tangled in it, loves the smell of Steve’s stupid organic shampoo.

“Your ass hurt too bad now?” Billy asks, Steve’s body held tight against him, Billy the big spoon as they stand under the spray, even though Steve’s a hair taller.

“No,” Steve says, tipping his head back for him, eyes closed, *trusting*. “I think you were holding back on me.”

Billy rinses Steve’s head off, most of the suds getting onto *him*, but he doesn’t mind it. Loves smelling like Steve, after they’ve showered. Even uses his shampoo, sometimes.

“What, you want me to spank you *harder*?” And *that’s* not something he ever thought he’d ask Steve, never in his goddamn *life*. “You were *hot as shit*, you know? Spread over my *lap* like that.”

Steve hums-- practically *purrs*-- and presses back against him. “You're always holding back. I *like* it when you let loose. I like being the *reason* you let loose.”

Billy makes a choked-off noise when Steve presses back. So, he leans forward, pushing Steve up against the wall, trapping him, pressing his half-hard dick against Steve’s ass. “You’re gonna be the death of me, pretty boy.”

Steve's breath catches, hands bracing against the tile, and his hips cant back, sensitive skin making him hiss. “I sure fucking *hope* not. Who's gonna dick me down and make sure I drink enough water when I don't wanna come out of my bedroom?”

“You make it sound like I do all those things at *once*.” But Billy’s not complaining. “Someone’s gotta make sure you get laid, baby. You get *grouchy* if you haven’t come for a while.”

Steve snorts, indelicate and echoing. “Could say the same for you.”

“Good thing you’re pretty good in bed, then, huh?”

“Good thing I'm easy on the eyes, is what you mean.”

Billy laughs, lips against Steve's neck. “You're very easy on the eyes. And you're good on my dick. And in my ass.”

“And on my knees,” Steve says, like he's listing things he needs from the store. “And in your mouth. And bent over the--”

“Yeah, yeah, the point is you’re perfect, I *get* it,” Billy says, shoving Steve a little harder against tile. “Are you *still* being a brat, or are you just angling to get me to blow you in the shower?”

Steve barks out a laugh. “That wasn't *quite* what I was angling for, but I'll take it.”

“What *were* you angling for?” Billy asks, teeth at Steve's ear.

Shuddering, Steve's breath catches. “Finishing up in here, going back to your room, and letting *you* fuck *my* mouth.”

Billy hums, pleased. “Jesus, you're all about being used today, huh?”

It's kinda *hot*.

“Is that so bad?”

“No,” Billy says, nosing Steve's neck. “Not at all. Just don't wanna get used to being so greedy.”

“Be greedy,” Steve sighs.

Billy drags his teeth over Steve's skin, until Steve's breath catches in his throat.

“Your wish is my command,” Billy says, rocking his hips against Steve's ass.

A soft sound wells up from Steve's throat. He tilts his head over, fingers splaying out against the tile, breath coming short as Billy moves against him.

Steve's skin is hot and wet, and the heat of the shower acts as a cocoon around them. Billy balances himself with one hand against the cool tile and sneaks his other one between Steve's legs, to touch him as Billy slowly rocks against him.

And *yeah*, he *could* move, but it feels *so good* and Billy's never been good at telling himself *no*.

“You're so hot when you want me this badly,” Billy says, voice in Steve's ear.

His fingers aren't *jerking* Steve. Just fondling. Teasing. Lazy with it.

Steve moans, already half aroused and filling out as Billy touches him. His hips flex in slow, sinuous motions, pressing into Billy's hand and rutting back against him in the worst kind of provocation.

It's all slick skin and hot breath. Steve's eyes flutter shut, head lulling

back against Billy's shoulder, arching like a damn work of art for him.

“You want me to fuck your mouth *here*?” Billy asks. “Or in my room?”

“Your room.” Steve says.

So Billy turns the shower off. He doesn’t even *bother* passing Steve a towel, just pulls him out of the bathroom, dripping wet, and tugs him to Billy’s room.

“Get on your knees, baby,” Billy says, fingers threading through Steve’s still-dripping hair.

Steve shudders, eyes dark, dark, *dark* as he sinks down onto his knees, lips parting, tongue peeking out like an invitation as he stares up at him.

Billy takes his cock in his fist, gives it a couple pulls, and then inches forward, one hand on the back of Steve’s head. He pushes himself forward, until the head of his dick pushes past those parted lips, finding the wet heat of Steve’s tongue. It’s sinful, how easy Steve is making this. How depraved he feels with Steve asking Billy to fuck his face, to *use* him.

“God, baby, you’re so *pretty*,” Billy says, as Steve opens up wider, as Billy takes his time pushing in. “Shoulda put those panties back on for me.”

Steve groans around him, eyes not leaving his face, hands coming up to brace at Billy’s thighs. Wraps his lips around him and *sucks* at the head of his cock, like the suggestion is the best thing Steve’s ever heard. Like he’d do it, in a heartbeat, just to please Billy.

And maybe himself, too.

It’s hot, that Billy gets Steve like this. That he’s privy to it, but also that he *makes* Steve hot, too. There’s something satisfying about knowing that it’s not just him, being driven wild and crazy by Steve fucking Harrington and his pretty face.

“Come on, I know you can take more than *that*,” Billy says.

Steve lets out a soft, muffled sound. He lets his jaw go loose, sinks down more, and then draws back off with his cheeks hollowed. Does it again, taking more, tongue hot and flat against the underside of him.

Billy *groans*, loud and loose, hands fisted in Steve's hair. He lets his hips rock forward, a little rough, but not entirely *mean*. Still taking time to remember Steve, but also to remember that Steve *wants* this.

"So good, baby. You're so *good* at this."

Steve moans. Lets loose, closes his eyes, and drops his hands. Gives in to the thrust of Billy's hips.

Breath half lost, Billy lets his hips rock. Lets himself *fuck* Steve's *mouth*, hands fisted in Steve's hair.

Steve's mouth was *built* for sucking cock. It feels *so good*, so goddamn sinful, the way Steve's head bobs on his dick, the way Billy fucks into his mouth.

"Baby, fuck, *baby*," he says, one hand drifting down to Steve's jaw, to hold him there, to help rock his head in time with Billy's thrusts.

Steve *whines* for him. His eyes flutter, breath stalling as Billy slides deep. It's wet, sloppy the way he lets Billy move in and out of the obscene stretch of his lips. Beautiful and lewd and unashamed as he presses forward, takes him *deeper*, chokes a little and *moans*.

Billy loses himself in it for a little while, just letting his hips rock as he focuses on the pleasure, the way it *feels*. Wet. Hot. Perfect.

Billy's fist tighten in Steve's hair when Steve moans, loud, around him, when Billy's other hands drifts a little to brush over his throat.

"Gonna," Billy warns. "Fuck, I'm gonna come, baby."

Steve's hands go instantly to Billy's hips. His fingers curl there and then pull, sinking down on him, gagging a little as he gets Billy in his throat. Telling him *exactly* what he wants.

Billy thrusts once, twice, and then comes down the back of Steve's

throat, Steve moaning around him. His body shakes with it, his own moan cut off somewhere around his throat with the strength of his orgasm, the rush of it. He shakes, and pulls back just slightly, so Steve can breathe, but not quite willing to sacrifice the heat of his mouth, just yet.

"*Fuck*," Billy groans. His fingers smooth over Steve's hair, hands heavy, coordination *gone*.

Steve's tongue works against him, eyes wet under thick lashes as he stares up. Mouth warm and so good around him, panting as he sits there on his knees.

"C'mere," Billy says, pulling back, getting his fingers at Steve's shoulders, coaxing him upward. "C'mon, baby. Get on the bed for me, huh? Wanna treat you real nice."

Steve stumbles a bit to his feet, out of breath and flush. "M'okay, baby--"

Billy hugs him close, supporting his weight. Hell, Steve could go *boneless* and Billy would still keep him up. "But I *wanna*," Billy says, mouth watering with the need to touch Steve, with the desire to get his hands on him. "I wanna, and you're gonna let me, right?"

Steve nods, sinking into his hold, hands smoothing up over his shoulders. "Uh-huh. Anything."

Billy walks Steve backwards over to the bed, holding up most of his weight, hands all over Steve's skin. He can't *not* touch, can't *not* feel like worshiping this man after today.

So Billy pulls the sheets back and spreads Steve out on his big bed, crawling on top of him, crowding him down against the mattress, lips all over his neck, his jaw, his face. Billy touches him, too, pulling gentle fingertips over Steve's whole body, wherever he can reach. Touch light, gentle, appreciative.

"You're so goddamn pretty," Billy tells him, tongue over his pulse as his fingers play over Steve's ribs, counting them as his touch drifts down.

Steve arches up under him, breathing out a blissful little sigh, pressing into his touch. His lips are parted and swollen, still wet from being wrapped around Billy, face and neck and chest flush. Billy wants to *eat* him.

“Bet you say that to all the boys,” Steve mutters.

“Nah,” Billy says, sucking a red patch onto Steve's neck. “Just you.”

Which isn't a lie.

Billy reaches a hand down between them and gets his fingers around Steve's dick in a loose hold. Touches him lightly, reverently, while he kisses his neck.

Steve’s breath leaves him in a rush. His fingers curl around Billy’s biceps, head falling back against the bed as his hips flex up, gasping as Billy’s fingers drag over him. Lets Billy worry a bruise into his skin with his mouth and moans like Billy’s giving a gift. Stutters up like Billy’s touch is the best thing he’s ever felt.

It’s better than Steve’s mouth around him, Steve giving him this.

“Yeah, baby, you’re so good for me,” Billy says, words muffled against skin.

He lets his fingers stay soft, unlubed as they are, as they jerk Steve’s length. Appreciating the feel, the weight of him in Billy’s hand. He loves all the little noises he can pull out of Steve, the way he can get Steve to start squirming on the sheets. Billy would *never* get tired of playing with Steve. Not ever.

A low moan rumbles up out of Steve’s mouth. His breath hitches, already still a little short, coming hotter. *Heavier*.

The muscles under Steve’s skin stretch and strain as he moves. Rutting into his light touch, cock weeping at the tip, twitching when Billy thumbs under the head of him. He’s like a damn work of art, thrusting idly up into Billy’s hand, clutching at him, panting into the space between their faces, eyes hot and dazed on Billy’s face as Billy helps him fall to pieces.

“Say it,” Steve whispers, abdomen flexing as his back curves up. “Say it again. That I’m-- that I’m yours.”

Billy’s *more* than happy to remind him. Greedy and still fueled by the lingering effects of jealousy, too.

“You’re mine. You’re *mine*, baby.”

Billy smears the precome at the head of Steve’s cock, thumbing him in a circle until Steve gasps, writhing underneath him. It makes him buck. Makes his eyes roll back and flutter. Makes him say Billy’s name so *sweet*.

“Let me--” Steve’s throat works, straining a little more urgently. “God, Billy, let me, m’so close--”

Billy works him a little faster, teases him a little *more*.

“C’mon, baby. Come for me,” Billy urges, and then catches Steve’s lips in a kiss.

Steve’s ragged, *wrecked* fucking gasp is lost against Billy’s mouth. He goes taut, presses up into his touch, gasps and gasps and *gasps*, in short little sips, and comes, spilling out over his stomach and Billy’s fingers with a stuttering shake of his hips.

His nails bite, blunt, at Billy’s arms as he works him through it. He breaks away from Billy’s mouth, turning his face away, so he can suck in heavier, thicker breaths. As he tries to ride the high of it out with Billy’s hand still on him. Squirms, shuddering, and lets out a keen.

“*Billy*--”

Eventually, Billy lets him go. Maybe after Steve whines a bit, after he’s over-sensitive enough for Billy to get a bit of a kick out of it, but he does let go. Gets Steve into his arms and just holds him, pressing kisses to his warm skin, letting him pant while Billy keeps him grounded.

“Mine,” Billy says, even though he *probably* shouldn’t, now that the moment has passed. “You’re mine, baby.”

Steve melts into him. Closes his eyes. Breathes easy and slow. Like that's what he wanted to *hear*, like Billy saying it was what he *needed*. Lays there and turns his face toward him, tipping his chin up to catch more kisses, and hums when he gets them.

"M'yours," Steve mumbles, hands smoothing up and down Billy's back, his arm, idle and mindless.

Billy moves after a moment, fishing the ground below for a discarded shirt he can use to mop Steve up. Eventually, he finds one, something soft, and cleans off his hand, and then Steve's stomach, as well as his own.

Steve shivers. Lays there and lets him, but when he's done, he catches Billy in a hazy, lazy kiss. Draws it out long and slow, until they're practically just breathing against each other's mouths.

"You're always making a mess outta me," Steve says, hand curving along Billy's jaw, blinking slow. "*Exhausting* me, too, *jesus*."

"Think I should blame *you*, pretty boy," Billy says. But he can't really blame Steve for this last time. "You always get me so hot."

Steve's grin is crooked and just as lazy as the way he stretches out against him, draping an arm over his shoulders and tugging him close with a little, satisfied groan. "*Good*. Serves you fucking *right*. Like, I know we've talked about your ass before, but, like… *your ass*. And *your fucking hands*."

Billy laughs, hooking his chin over Steve's shoulder, worming his way *closer*, still.

"Mm. Love it when you talk about my ass," he says, tired, sleepy. Absolutely *fucked out*.

"You know what I love *more*?" Steve asks.

Billy's heart skips a beat in his chest. He can't *help* it.

"What?" he asks.

Steve presses his mouth to Billy's ear, wraps him up in a tangle of

arms and legs and tugs him *close*. "*Sleep*. Which we should do. You and me. *Right now*. And in the morning, maybe I'll fuck you and then make you pancakes."

For one second, for one beat, Billy lets himself be disappointed. He knew. He *knew* Steve wasn't gonna say it. Because -- why would he, why *now*, of all times? It was a stupid wish, a stupid desire, but Billy couldn't have helped gearing himself up for it anyway.

Then, he pushes it back, bites it down, and sighs. Like he's tired. Like he could fall asleep *right now* and not stay awake for another couple hours trying to *ignore* that disappointment.

"Sleep sounds good," Billy says, swallowing. "Morning sounds even better, though."

Steve smiles, sleepy and sweet at him, so *soft* and *earnest* with his affection as he kisses Billy's cheek. "Thanks, Billy."

"Thank *you*," Billy says, and means it.

For the affection, for sharing himself with Billy like that, for *all* of it.

Steve hums, kisses the corner of his mouth and then his cheek again. "Anytime," he says.

It sounds-- *stupidly*-- like a promise.

Author's Note:

Shit listened to while writing this:
High - Sir Sly
Ghengis Khan - Miike Snow
After Dark - Tito and Tarantula
Just a Little Bit - Kids of 88
My Type - Saint Motel